

Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,  
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,  
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,  
And left not one of them to breathe on earth.

*He takes him up on his backe.*

And thus as olde Ankises sonne did beare  
His aged father on his manly backe,  
And fought with him against the bloudy Greekes:  
Euen so will I: but stay, heres one of them,  
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.

*Enter Richard, and then Clifford layes downe his father, fights with him, and Richard flies away againe.*

Out crookt backe villaine, get thee from my sight,  
But I will after thee, and once againe,  
When I haue borne my father to his tent,  
He trie my fortune better with thee.

*exit yong Clifford with his father.*

*Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the duke of Buckingham wounded to his Tent.*

*Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene.*

*Queene* Away my Lord, and flie to London straight,  
Make haste, for vengeance comes along with them;  
Come, stand not to expostulate, lets go.

*King* Come then faire Queene, to London let vs haste,  
And summon a parliament with speede,  
To stop the fury of these dyre euent.

*exeunt King and Queene.*

*Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the duke of*

*Yorke, and Richard.*

*Yorke* How now boyes, fortunate this fight hath beene,  
I hope to vs and ours for Englands good,  
And our great honor, that so long we lost,  
Whilst faint-heart Henry, did vsurpe our rights:  
But did you see old Salsbury since we  
With bloudy minds did buckle with the foe,  
I would not for the losse of this right hand,  
That ought but well betide that good old man.

*Rich.*

*Rich.* My Lord, I saw him in the th  
Charging his lance with his old weary  
And thrice I saw him beaten from his h  
And thrice this hand did set him vp ag  
And still he fought with courage gainst  
The boldest sprited man that ere mine

*Enter Salsbury and Warwicke.*

*Edw.* See noble father where they bo  
The onely props vnto the house of Y

*Salsb.* Well hast thou fought this da  
And thou braue bud of Yorkes increa  
The small remainder of my weary life  
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike ar  
Three times this day thou hast preseru

*Yorke* What say you Lords, the Kin  
There (as I heare) to hold a Parlamen  
What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we

*War.* After them, nay before them  
Now by my Faith Lords twas a glori  
Saint Albons battell wonne by famou  
Shal be eternizd in all age to come,  
Sound Drums and Trumpets, and to  
And more such daies as these to vs be

FINIS

